

A 1457
L E T T E R

FROM

K
PATRICK TAYLOR,

OF

RALLY-JAMES-DUFF,

TO HIS

Cousin J E M M Y,

IN

D U B L I N,

UPON

A late PAPER WAR in the METROPOLIS.



D U B L I N:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, on Cork-Hill, 1749.

(Price one Penny)

Aug 16

LETTER

FROM

PATRICK TAYLOR,

OF

RAILT-AMER-DUFF

TO HIS

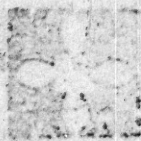
Cousin



DURLEY N.

WYOM

A line Paper War in the METROPOLES



DURLEY N.

Printed by James Harrison on Old Hill, 1840.

(Price one Penny)

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A

LETTER

FROM

PATRICK TAYLOR, &c.

Dear Jimmy,

WE, who live in the Country are fond of hearing what is doing in your City.—We read all the Papers, as they come out.—We have formed a little Society, (as I before mentioned to you,) and are very great Politicians.—Every Sunday, after Prayers, we assemble at the *Rose*.—The *Curate*, The *Exciseman*, The *Apothecary*, The *'Squire's Steward*, And the *Master of the Rose*, are the standing Members. If any Gentleman sojourns of our Club-day in the Town, he is to be admitted by the Rules, free. We drink mild Ale, (except on the first Meeting of every Month, when we allow ourselves a Pint of Wine each) take a Pipe of *Leland*, read the News, and give our Opinions freely; seldom or never entering into warm Debate.

We have been greatly entertained with a weekly Paper from your City, call'd, the CENSOR. The *Apothecary* tells us, it is wrote by one LUCAS, whom we take to be the same Man, that has waged War with your *Aldermen* and *Commons*. The several Advertisements in your public Papers, with regard to this Man have had the same Influence on our Judgments, that the Weather has on the Barometer. They rise and fall according to the Sunshine or Damps which the Public seems to throw on his Reputation. We here, who see things only in one Light, really take this *Lucas* to be a wonderful Fellow. It would be diverting to hear the different Opinions of him.

THE *Curate* indeed says, his Writings speak him to be a very warm Man, and that he makes too free with the *Church*.

THE *'Squire's Steward* says, "the Man is mad, he makes no more of Men of Fortune, than of other Men, and as freely arraigns their Actions; I wonder how the *Gentry* take it."

THE *Exciseman* says little. I believe he likes the Man;

but he, thinks it had been better, he had let the *Commissioners* alone ; he shrugs his Shoulders, and very gravely says, “ it is happy for him *Bryan* is dead.”

THE *Apothecary*, who is a Man of a sanguine Complexion, and who probably is attached to him, as well on that account, as on his being one of the Sons of *Æsculapius*, (as he terms him) is his zealous Advocate ; and indeed the Master of the House seems no less attached and swears, “ were the Election for this Place, he would keep his House open himself for him.”

WE have read all the Letters, this same *Lucas* has wrote to the Citizens, and have been expecting every Club-day to have something of the other Side.—Surely all this Man says, can’t be true, and yet it is strange he has not been answered. The *Squire’s Steward* told us, his Master had a Letter from a Great Man in your City, and that *they* laugh’d at him ; but the *Curate* says, there is too much in what he says to be laugh’d at. And the *Apothecary* insists, that all he says, are bold Truths and can’t be answered.

THE Club demanded my Opinion of him. I am, you know, naturally shy of passing Judgment on any Man ; but it is one of the Rules of our Club to lay aside Reserve. “ Gentlemen (says I) I am apt to believe the Man is neither a Madman, nor a Fool, and indeed, when I see in the public Papers, that almost every Corporation are admitting him free, What can I think, but that he is a Man of Merit and Parts ?” “ True ! says the *Apothecary* with some Earnestness, “ and he speaks too, better than he writes.—What ! don’t ye see, that the First Corporation in the City has not only agreed to present him with his Freedom, but have directed it to be presented in a GOLD BOX ? What more could they have done for SWIFT, or any other Patriot !” “ Softly, says the *Curate*, *Decipimur Specie Resti*.” (You must know the *Curate* is a very sensible Man and has Latin at the very tip of his Tongue) “ Let us not, says he, compare him to SWIFT, till we know him better.”

AT our next meeting we found in the *Courant* a Resolution of the *Commons* upon some Paragraph of one of this *Lucas’s* Letters ; wherein he is condemned for *Scandal*, *Malice* and *Untruth*. Now, though we resolved not to join rashly with so severe a Condemnation, we had a Mind to play at the *Apothecary*, whom we knew, was a zealous Stickler for his Brother. We, one and all bore down on him.—“ Where is your *Lucas* now ? You see here are Matters grounded on *Affidavit* !—Wont you give him up now ?” “ No, says the *Apothecary*, “ Why may not the Parson’s Latin be as applicable of one Side as the other. Let us not pass Sentence till we hear both Sides.—Nay, says he, this is all Resentment—you see it has blinded

blinded their Reason—for I will lay any Wager and I will be determined by our Friend the Curate here—that the Resolution is not English.—Pray Mr. Curate, read the last Paragraph—is it good English or not?”

“The Sheriffs then called on the Commons, desiring them to inform the House—if any of them could charge the said Officer with such Neglect, to which they replied they could not.—A Motion was then made and unanimously agreed to in said Assembly, that the above Paragraph was false, malicious, and scandalous, and that for the Satisfaction of the Public and Sake of Truth, have ordered the same to be published in the several News Papers of this City.”

“I CONFESS, says the *Curate* gravely, the Paragraph is not grammatical, I must own.—The Sheriffs called upon the *Commons* to inform the *House*, that is, to inform *themselves*.—This indeed is not elegant *English*.—But there lies not the main Exception.—A Motion was made and agreed to, that the Paragraph was false, &c.—AND THAT FOR THE SATISFACTION OF THE PUBLIC, AND SAKE OF TRUTH, HAVE ORDERED THE SAME TO BE PUBLISHED.—This I must confess is bad *Grammar*.—Who ordered?—The Motion ordered.—Indeed, I own this is not *grammatical*.—“I told you so, says the *Apothecary*.—When will you find such Absurdity from *Lucas*, whom they condemn thus.—You will see, however, he will answer this.—If he don’t, I will give him up.”—Well!—Presently after, *Lucas’s* Answer comes out. His *Fourth Letter* we read, and we agreed did not quite clear up the Matter.—The *Squire’s Steward* and the *Exciseman* made great Exceptions. They said, the *Commons* were insulted therein;—and that no Man ought to make so *free* with the Characters of any Set of Men.—“Zounds! says the *Apothecary*, what would you have a Man do? to be publicly charged with *Falseness*,—*Malice*,—and *Untruth*.—Who could bear it?”—“Peace, says the *Curate*,—to Orders.—It is true, he has been severely used, and it were better he had been more patient. . . But, alas! Gentlemen, we see, that the Precept of turning one Cheek, on being struck on the other, is more speculative, than practical.—And, indeed, if Warmth be ever warrantable, it is in Defence of Character.—But, still he might not have given such a Loose to his Resentment.”—“Much may be said of both Sides, says the *Host*; but, yet I think *Lucas* is an honest Fellow, and Faith, I love his bold Spirit.

I CONFESS this Meeting was attended with more Warmth than any we had heretofore; but by the *Curate’s* Interposition,

(who is always our *Moderator*) Things ended with our Cup of mild Ale.

ABOUT ten Days after, we got the *Fifth Letter* to the *Commons*. Here, our Friend the *Apothecary* played us a fly Trick. It seems, he privately got this Letter a Day before our Meeting. I wondered what possessed the Man. I remember, he came last that Evening to the Club. And indeed, he came in like a Madman, roaring and laughing—"Oh! Oh! Oh! Poor *Morgan*! Poor *Morgan*!"—Well *Lucas*, you are a Devil of a Fellow, to raise a Ghost to frighten poor *Morgan* out of his Senses.—Journals in 1721.—Oh! Poor *Morgan*! Well done! *John Hutchinson* and *Hugh Gregg*! Oh! Poor *Morgan*! Poor *Morgan*!

THIS was all a Riddle to us, and to say Truth, we thought our Friend the *Apothecary*, had been paying his Devotions to *Bacchus*. And the *Curate*, (to whom I sat next) whispered me, that he did not think it would be so decent for a Man of his *Clash* to stay.

HOWEVER, after our Friend's first Sallies were over, he takes out the Letter. "Here, Gentlemen," says he, "read this:—*Lucas* is the Man, you see!" The *Curate* took it up, and read it with proper Gravity and Deliberation; but, was now and then a little interrupted with the *Apothecary* crying out, "Oh! Poor *Morgan*! Poor *Morgan*!" And, the *Host* gaped with Wonder, as though he would have swallowed up poor *Morgan*. Well! the whole Proceedings were now come to an Issue, Bill and Answer. Replication and Rejoinder. And, *Lucas* was acquitted, *Nemini Con*.

AT our next Meeting, a Gentleman passing through this Place, in his Way from your City to *Cavan*, happened to rest a Day here, and according to our Rules, we charged the *Squire's Steward* and the *Exciseman*, with a formal Invitation to him from the Club. He accordingly came. We, (who are naturally desirous of fresh News, and as he had left Town so lately,) asked him, what was doing? "Why, says he, the Town is all a Fire: *Lucas*, the famous Orator, (whom to be sure, Gentlemen, you have heard of,) has brought both *Aldermen* and *Commons* on his Back." "Zounds! What new Matter now?" says the *Apothecary*. "Patience again," says the *Curate*, hear the Gentleman!" "Why, on some Censures passed by the *Commons* on *Lucas*." He, in his *Vindication*, has been pretty tart with them.—"Tart!" says the *Apothecary*, he has done but what you or I would have done,—had any Man attempted to brand us with *Falseness*, *Malice*, and *Scandal*."

dal." "Sir, I must freely tell you, he has done no more, than he should do." "Nay, says the Gentleman, I protest I am of no Party, nor shall I enter into Debate about it. Here is a Letter published by one of the *Commons*, called, *LUCAS detected*. You may read it."

UPON this, what does he produce? I can hardly speak my Surprise, when looking over the Title Page, I saw you, *Jemmy*, in *Print*. Dear *Jemmy*! are you mad? In *Print*, Man! Prithce, how come this? *Jemmy Taylor* an Author. Why, it can't be! -- *Jemmy*! you know, you had always a slow, heavy Genius. And, my Uncle always said, you'd never be a *Scholar*. So consulting your Capacity, wisely placed you in a very creditable Business, where no Genius at all was necessary. Well! confounded as I was, I had Resolution enough to deny, that I knew you, and by that Means, I had the Opportunity of hearing your Performance read Paragraph by Paragraph; with the Observations of the *Club*, which was what I knew their Deference to me would have prevented, had I acknowledged you: So, I kept on the Reserve, and heard all with Patience. Though indeed, *Jemmy*, not without great Concern for you. Prithce *Jemmy*, what Business have you with *Plays*? Your Time would be better bestowed on counting your *Tallies* and *posting* your Books.

WELL! the Book was by Consent, put into the *Curate's* Hands, and he read it; the *Apothecary* watching like a hungry Dog for a Bone. Faith, *Jemmy*, on the Whole, I was glad you were safe in the City. The *Curate* began with the Title Page; and after reading your *Motto*, our *Host* begged to know, if *OTHELLO* was an *Alderman*, a *Sheriff*, or one of the *Commons*? The *Curate* set him right; told him, the Gentleman, meant to say, *Shakespear*, or *Shakespear's OTHELLO*; that *Othello* was one of *Shakespear's* Plays. "Very well! says the *Host*, let us see what Mr. *Othello* has to say to Mr. *Lucas*."

THE *Curate* read the Book through. "Lord! says the *Apothecary*, what a *Farrago* is this! What a Parcel of *Hodge Podge* Stuff is here collected together? What! does the Man imagine, that his Nonsense receives any Force from the *Press*? I will lay my Head, that the Fellow, who works at my *Pestle* and *Mortar*, would write a better Thing." "Indeed, says the *Curate*, I confess it is the poorest Thing, that has come out since the *Press* has had so much Employment."

THE Gentleman (who by this Time begun to warm to us) opened himself, and a more arch, waggish Fellow, I think I never met. Perfect Humour! In short, dear *Jemmy*, he took up your Book, and in the most lively Manner possible,

took

took it all to Pieces. The Curate smiled. The Exciseman laughed. The Squire's Steward was amazed. And, as for our Friend the Apothecary, he became as boisterously merry, as when he came in with Lucas's Fifth Letter. The Host grinned Admiration, and I found had received such strong Impressions, from this Stranger's Humour, that I believe, had he been a Candidate with Lucas, our Host would not have been able to determine readily, who should have his Favour. As for my Part, I really could not well contain myself, had not the Concern I was under for you, dear Femmy, given a strong Check to my mirthful Genius; at the same Time, it made so strong an Impression on me, that I believe I could repeat to you all the strange humorous Remarks and Comments on this Essay of yours. Though it must lose in the Repetition, What I recollect, you shall have for your Instruction; and, I beseech you, dear Femmy, take Warning from it, and never write again.

THE Gentleman began with Page 3. "Here Gentlemen, says he, the Author expected, LUCAS would have refuted the Charge of publishing maliciously and scandalously, a NOTORIOUS UNTRUTH, or that he would have been INGENUOUS enough to have confessed his Error, and palliated the Matter, so as to have cleared himself, at least, of the MALICE and SCANDAL; the UNTRUTH being, you observe, notorious. Here is the very Effence of Non-sense. Malice and Scandal were to be palliated. But the Untruth was notorious, according to our Author. Yet, by a happy Manner of reconciling Contradictions, LUCAS was to be ingenuous enough to say, he meant no Scandal or Malice, but, that he meant Untruth! And this, our Author call only, an Error! How far Error and Intention are synonymous, none but those new Authors can reconcile; for my Part, I thought Error was a Mistake of Judgment, or something like it; but, here, a designed Untruth, and that a notorious one too, is only an Error. Strong reasoning this! for a Commoner too!

AGAIN, in a most plaintive Style, our Author elegantly breaks out into this beautiful Reflection: "Alas! How has he deceived me!"--that is, broke Faith with me: LUCAS being, it is to be supposed, on writing his Fifth Letter, under solemn Engagement to our Author, that for his Sake, he would own, that TRUTH was Untruth.---Observe, our Author says, he was DECEIVED, not disappointed!

HE proceeded to Page 4. "Here, says he, appears a Dawning of Modesty in our Author. He owns, it is with some Reluctance he takes up his Pen, (Oh! Femmy, I wish this Reluctance had been more prevalent) to make unnecessary Remarks and Observations, which he admits, (without getting
over

over his modest Reluctance) *must occur to every one*; but, as *Silence* is the properest Answer; so, says he, I shan't deviate from that Plan. My Answer shall be equal to it, of the same Effect, to all Intents and Purposes. But, had LUCAS been of Consequence, the *incensed, offended LAW*; here our Author animates the *LAW*, it becomes *incensed and offended*, and our Author, by the Virtue of *Transmigration*, (for nothing is impossible with the *Sublime*) *steals himself into the LAW*; as the Devil did into the *Swine*; and with an audible Voice, speaks these memorable Words:

“D’ye hear, you LUCAS; I am the *LAW*, the *incensed, offended LAW*, and were you of Consequence, I would punish you. But, as you are not, and that your *Head* is *confused*, and likewise, that you have a very *bad Person*, (for you will observe that Contempt of his Person was, with our Author, his Protection) *these* are your *Licence* to go on: For, KNOW YE, that the *LAW*, (that is I, who at present animate the *LAW*) will take no Notice of any but the *Rich* and the *Handsome*: YOU may go on: The *LAW*, that is I, dare not touch you.”

THE Author goes on. *At first View*, it is *strange*, (at least to his Judgment) *how his Writings should be so favourably received*: For, however sensible, or reasonable they may be, why, he does not like them.——Sawcy Presumption to write on still!

WELL! now to relax the Reader’s Mind, least the first Page or two should be tiresome, and he should throw the Book aside, which he, indeed, had some modest Apprehensions of; he introduces a humourous Scene of a *Mountebank*; and to shew you, what Rhetorick our Author has, and how prettily he varies the cloathing of his *Ideas*, in one Line, his Hero is a *Mountebank*, in the next he is an *Empirick*! Well! this *Mountebank*,——this *Empirick* fails not, by *aspersing the most deserving of the Faculty*, (of *Mountebanks*, I suppose he means) to impose his *sophisticated* (a very hard Word, well known to *Brewers*, I conceive,) *Wares*; and in return rob the deluded *Fools*, (taking away, is a new Term for *Return*) of their *Senses*, and their *Money*, two material Things; the latter may do, but how *Fools* are to be robbed of their *Senses*, he may be adept enough to know, as perhaps, he was one of them; but, had he not given us such good Authority, as his own, this would have at least remained a doubtful Matter. Well! the *Robbery of Sense from Folly* is (he tells you) but temporary: For, when Mr. *Mountebank* and Mr. *Empirick*’s Promises are exp’d, (what this means I know not) then the *Money* is returned; and the *Senses* (which the *Fool* happened never to hav-) are again, put into his *Head*. This Observa-

tion of the Author's is very shrewd, as who should say, "*Money gives Sense to Fools.*" Well! the *Mountebank* vanishes. *Presto*, pass and be gone! He is heard of no more.—See the Consequence of *Vanishing*. Well! *Fools*, you have something for your *Money*: You saw the *Show-man*, the *Juggler*.

HE goes on. *The Novelty of haranguing Corporations for Hours together*,—elegant,—*must to be sure for a while*,—elegant again,—*draw a Crowd after it*.—elegant again. *Novelty* walks through the Street, and I suppose draws a Crowd after it,—with a Rope, I suppose;—or by what other surprising Means? Again, *In the lower Class of the People*; to wit, the MERCHANTS, TAYLORS, SMITHS, WEAVERS, HOSTIERS, TANNERS, and in a Word, all the honest, industrious Part of the City; (the Commons always excepted) *to be told*, they are as good Men, as my Lord Mayor, Aldermen, or Commons,—What Impudence this is! What Sedition!—Why, ye low, deluded Blockheads, believe not what this *Mountebank* says; but, mind your *Betters*.—Don't be mutinous, ye Dogs! Obey,—or by the Lord, when I am Sheriff, which will be next Year, I will tie you all Neck and Heels with my CHAIN.

Page 5, 6, and 7, seem intended by the Author to oblige the Printer only.

Page 8, in some Measure intended by the Author, as a Compliment to Mr. H. Ribton, for presuming to let LUCAS understand, he was not summoned; and hereby, our Author's HOCUS FOCUS, (the same by which he caused the *Mountebank* to vanish in Page 4) Mr. Ribton is conveyed 20 Miles off into the Country to protect poor *Morgan*!

In the same Page, there are some of the prettiest little Sallics of Imagination I have read. Cobweb'd-covered Artifices, —vile Sophistry, —and daring Abuse; —Very pretty Couplets! Well done, *Femmy*! you are improving greatly! However, as *Cobweb Covering* is strong, and very difficult to pervade, our Author wisely resolves not to hunt poor LUCAS down, but only proceeds to make some further unnecessary Remarks; because, as he tells you, they must appear obvious without it.

THE Gentleman proceeded in the succeeding Paragraphs in Page 8, and here the Curate interferred. —He said, that he thought, that the Principles of Law and Justice, which LUCAS mentioned in his Letter, were very right and agreeable to the Constitution; but, could wish he had not been so warm in his Resentment, to the Censures passed on him by the Commons, not but the Provocation to be sure was great. Here the Apothecary rose up with some Hurry. —"Warm! say you? I question if your Reverence would have submitted to such Treatment;

Treatment ; and yet I observe this paltry Pedant, in his Non-Sense, recommends it to be considered, whether an Action would lie at the Suit of the *Commons*, or not." "True, says the *Gentleman*, but you see how modestly he speaks of himself. — He says, *he is not Lawyer enough to determine.*" —

Thus was this Paragraph handled.

THE next in *Page 9*, indeed, *Jemmy*, made me quite ashamed of you. — Why would you expose yourself so? In the former Paragraph, you said, *you could not determine, whether there was sufficient to ground an Action on or no*; in this, you say *there is not*. But, why charge it in *wrong Causes*? the Insufficiency of the Law! You say, it is a *Pity* this Fellow should escape with Impunity. The *Gentleman* on reading this, thinks the Word *Pity* is oddly applied; but, says he, this Man does not understand *English*; he has got some smattering without any Depth. (Indeed, *Jemmy*, I knew this was but too true, but I held my Tongue.) See here, says he, how the Word *indiscriminately* is hauled in, — he accuses *LUCAS* for *grossly and indiscriminately, villifying and traducing*, some of the *worthiest Citizens and other Gentlemen*. — What does he mean by *indiscriminately*? that is, some of the *worthiest Citizens and other Gentlemen* he may *traduce*, — and some of the *worthiest Citizens and other Gentlemen* he may *not traduce*, — he ought to make Distinction, and not abuse *indiscriminately*, though they are all *indiscriminately* Men, whose *Honour, Integrity, Abilities, and Uprightness*, have rendered them *indiscriminately*, the *Delight and Pride* — well coupled — *of their grateful Country*." — Well spoken Sir!"

"WELL! But, as these same Laws are insufficient for our *Author's* Scheme, — Why should not Mankind assume the Execution of Punishment; tho' the Law should be against it? — Excellent reasoning! A good Subject this! and rarely well qualified is this ORATOR and AUTHOR to represent a *Corporation* in the *Common-Council*! — Well! *LUCAS's* Protection, is the *Contempt* the *Author* holds him in, and the great Deference the *Author* has to a Friend of his own, the *Pillory*, which (as perhaps he may yet be further acquainted with,) he won't have robbed. — Pretty enough this! From the *Pillory*, behold our *Author* descending — to *HUMBRAS* — Strange Flights! He anticipates your Judgement on the two Lines he gives you, for he tells you, *HUMBRAS* *very humourously assures us* — I should have expected, he would have said, *very seriously assures us*, — *humourously assuring* is a new manner of assuring, — quite peculiar to our *Author*. — Now, though I admire *HUMBRAS* (in which probably I have the advantage of our *Author*, having read the

Book) I cannot think those two Lines strike so remarkably, as to have *very humorous* prefixed to their Introduction.

WELL! notwithstanding the **PILLORY** on the one Hand, is placed against *Poor Lucas*, and **HUDIBRAS** interposed on the other — *Our Author's* Humanity shines in the succeeding Lines — for there he tenderly advises him, *to take care, lest he may meet some Person*, (though he allows none but a Madman will attempt it) *who may make him a sad and mutilated* (another very hard word) *Example*, — then a *Pedestal* is to be erected, that the *Irish* **LUCAS** may vie with the *Roman* **PASQUIN**: — there is Learning! who dare say, this Man is one of the *Mob*, as he calls the Citizens; a dull *Tradesman*? — No; he is one of the Sons of **PINDAR**.

How prettily, — how movingly *our Author* expatiates, p. 10. on the means of raising one Man's Fame, by the despoiling that of his Neighbour. — and then the instance of the *Barbarian* murdering the *Gentleman* is inimitable and so like himself. — and the *Commons*.

INDEED the whole p. 10. is a Master Piece — the *famed Priest of old, smiling on his Brother* **AUGURS**, shews *our Author* a perfect *Historian*. What has he not gone through? Like *Proteus* he appears in various shapes. For behold! in the very next Paragraph, he turns *Gardener* — and indeed acquits himself very prettily. — Well! if the Office of *Sheriff* be bespoke or engaged for any time, surely he may be made *Gardener* to the City. —

THE next Paragraph shews the force of *our Author's* Oration. — In his Introduction to the Abuse of the Court and Men in high Station, (an offence for which he was going to Pillor **LUCAS**.) What we wou'd express in these words, We may all remember the late &c. — he happily expresses thus; As — it — is — almost — the — other — day — every one — of — us — must — remember. — Here is Oration! — Wonderful Man! — In the close of the Paragraph, you find him a *Musician*! — For he tells us, *they laugh'd at the Crowd, who helped them to fill the Chorus*. — Quickly after, he becomes a *Philosopher*, and makes honourable mention of his old Friend **ARCHIMEDES**. And his later Acquaintance **SIR ISAAC NEWTON**. And tells you, *that men of lesser Capacities, than either of them* (to wit, himself) *may find out the THEOREM of LUCAS's Conduct*, — from his wearing a *Belt and Bayonet*, when the *Militia* did duty, and what more dangerous Symptoms can there be of *Mutiny and Sedition*, then to wear a *Belt and Bayonet*? — Nay it is probable the Fellow had two or three charges of Powder and ball in his pouch — rank *Sedition*!

WELL!

WELL! after all this *the Author* opens further the eyes of the Citizens.—LUCAS *wants to get into Parliament to enrich himself.*—Take care, ye Citizens of Dublin—A Seat in Parleмент *the Author* tells you, is *lucrative* and may *enrich* a Man. And more wonderfull too, at your expence—sure you will not vote for this Man!

IN the very next Paragraph *the Author* applauds his Ambition; though in the Preceding one, it was other Motives, not Ambition, that engaged his attempt, but the means, he dislikes.—What! to tell the honest Citizens, that they are not a *Mob*.—To tell them their asserting their right of FREEDOM is *natural and equitable!* Scandalous Means! Is this not spurring up an ungovernable Mob against their *lawful Governors?*

Page 12. He again changes his shape, and appears once more the *Historian*; and here he introduces ARISTIDES; I suppose LUCAS is THEMISTOCLES. But who his *Aristides* is, I know not—Perhaps *our Author* never read the History— if he had, he wou'd find, that the *good Aristides*, tho' strictly observant of Justice, in his *own House* and towards his *fellow Citizens*; yet scrupled not to prefer *Utility* to *Honesty*, in case of *Politics*—

IMMEDIATELY after, *our Author* turns *Fabulist*, and instructs our Corporations, by a very pretty told Tale, in which he modestly likens them to the *Turbulent Beggerly Tribunes of Rome*.

AGAIN, he becomes a Modern Historian, and after introducing *Sacheverel*, as the hellish Agent of *France* and *Rome*, he then rises to the Sublime, and grants *Immortality* to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

FROM History, *our Author*, p. 13, turns *Poet* and gives you a very pretty scrap of an ODE to LIBERTY. And thou bright GODDESS, LIBERTY! Blessed *Guardian* of our happy *Island*,—your little Poets wou'd have said happy *Isle*—but happy *Island* is fuller,—then the Invocation is so pretty, look down with pity on your deluded Sons!

INSTANTLY he turns *Deist*, and make a GOD of his own: his Invocation to his favourite *Goddeffs*, LIBERTY runs thus; Remove the Mist and teach those deluded Sons (the *Guild of Merchants* I suppose) to distinguish thee, from that hideous Phantom *Licentiousness*, that for our Sins you sometimes suffer to assume your borrowed Likeness!—Observe, by the *Author's* new Plan of Religion, LIBERTY is a GODDESS, who has Power to punish Sin!

THE next Paragraph turns the Act of the greatest Corporation of the City into a Farce. His Sagacity in finding out the

the Satyr couched in their Compliment, is unsearchable, and stands unrivall'd by any thing, but his happy and elegant Invention of the *Motto* intended for a *Copper Masque*; that is, I suppose, some new kind of a *musical, dramatical* Entertainment, not a Mask.

In the following Paragraph, you have the strongest Image of the Softness and Tenderness of the Mind, that could be express'd; the *Recorder* taking Leave of the *Commons*——so lively, so masterly, has he wrought this up,——that you would imagine no less than that distressful Scene of a Father on his Death Bed, bidding *Adieu* to his Children.——The *Recorder's* taking Leave of the *Commons* raised in his tender *Bosom*, an almost filial Reverence, and his Eyes (ye Gods!) paid the voluntary Tribute.——Immediately he gives you a Sample of his Delicacy and Taste in Painting, or Sculpture.——The *Attitude*, the *Recorder* was placed in, and the lively *Emotions* express'd in all his Features, was a Scene past Description!——You are therefore obliged to take your *Idea* of it from the Effect it had on the *Author*——which was such, that he tells you, *he shall remember it——while he lives.*——Pray read the whole Paragraph often, for it is certainly extremely pretty and moving.

Page 14. You have a little sketch of his Knowledge in *Physick*——Scarce does he give you time to look at him in that Character, than *Whip!*——he becomes a *Surgeon*, as quickly as a *Notary-Public* turns *Brewer*.

In p. 15, the second Paragraph, stands a very curious Accusation, modestly put, by way of *Quare?*——It is in Effect this; “did not this *Incendiary*, this *scandalous, lying, wicked, profligate, Fellow*, this *vile Reptile* most impudently and audaciously insult and abuse the *Lord Mayor* to his Face? Did he not ask his *Lordship*, how he dare promise his Vote or Interest to any *Candidate*, without his Leave? Did he not tell him in plain Terms, “*This is the Man you must make Recorder?*”——Now, *Lucas* I do not know; but with Mr. *Ross*, the present *Lord Mayor*, I am very well acquainted, and am persuaded he would not bear Insolence from any Man. But this worthy *Commoner* judged, that this Paragraph would please both the *Aldermen* and *Commons*, and so it succeeded: For, he has got the Thanks of the one *privately*, of the other *publicly*. He might have made the Accusation stronger, and have asked, did not this same *Lucas* commit *Treason, Rape, Robbery, Murder, Blasphemy, &c. &c. &c.*?

In the same Page, he gives you an incontestible Proof of his Knowledge of the Constitution of his Country.——For, if you believe him, *The Lives and Fortunes of many of the Citizens are every Day submitted to the Determination and Judgment of the*

the Recorder.—I never before knew, that the *Lives* and *Fortunes* of the *People* rested on the *Determination* and *Judgment* of any *one Man*. The Recorder I thought was to *explain* the *Law*, and it is necessary, the *City* should elect a *Man of Capacity* and *Integrity*, but not through *fear of their Lives*. Then indeed, it would be *lamentable Work*, according to his happy Phrase.

At length, the *Author* thinks of taking *Leave*, (and saith it's high time for him) but not without making an *Apology*. Here, he was really right, but the *Apology* is for want of *Moderation*.—But neither HE nor *SOCRATES* could bear to hear the *best* and *worthiest Men* traduced and abused, whose *only Crimes* are their exalted *Characters* and *Stations*.—Well express'd! It is true he affirms exalted *Characters* and *Stations* are *their Crimes*,—but, then they are *their only Crimes*—but they are above the impotent *Malice* of this *Reptile*.—Strange! he should grow warm again, when he has hardly done acknowledging his *Fault*.—But once more.—*LUCAS's bad Person* protects him, for by the *Characters* he draws of him (and it is plain no *Man* understands *Attitudes* better) you are to understand, that this same *LUCAS* is a *poor, low, little, diminutive Starveling*.

DIVINITY (that is a new *System* of our *Author's* own) brings up the *Rear*; and we are taught this *Christian Precept*, that being the *Aggressor warrants Reprisal*, and upon this new-discovered *Principle*, our *Author* charitably hopes, that the time is at hand, when *poor LUCAS* is to be *despised*; and, as nothing has effect equal to *Example*; he (to be sure) thinks the *illustrious one*, he sets the *People* must prevail. And indeed it is plain, *LUCAS's Cause* must fail; for our *Author* tells you, it is supported by a new kind of *Arguments*—called *Billings-Gate Arguments*.—Indeed these are a sort of *Arguments* which (*Gentlemen*) you may probably not understand; but, our *Author* ought not to be censured; for he did not apprehend there was any thing *Abstruse* in the *Expression*; nothing being more natural, than that those things, which are familiar to us, and in which we have become extremely and easily proficient; we should imagine other *People* may readily take our *Ideas* of; otherwise, the *Author* would have given you a learned *Commentary Note* on this happy *Embellishment* of the *Mind*.—No one could do it better; no one more equal.

HERE, cousin *Jemmy*, the *Gentleman* finish'd—and the *Apothecary* ask'd me seriously if I knew you.—I had nothing better for it (as I observed before) than to deny positively

lively the least Knowledge of you. I told the Club, there was a little *pert, forward, insignificant, silly* Fellow of the same Name in the City, who formerly *ingrossed Deeds* for a *Notary Public*, and that I supposed it must be the Fruits of his idle Hours. So I got off—but, my Concern for you made strong Impressions, and I thought nothing would be so likely to cure the unhappy Disorder of yours, as to lay *yourself* before *YOURSELF*; that you might see what an unhappy Figure you must make. I have therefore faithfully presented to your View, this wretched, melancholly Performance of yours. I hope it may have the Effect I wish, as well for your own, as for your Father's Sake and that of all your Friends, who, to be sure, are under inexpressible Concern for you. Let me beg of you, dear *cousin Jemmy*, to go on with your Business, if, after this, you can get any Body to draw your Ale. Let all your Writing be in your Books of Account only, and don't go again into Things so foreign to your Genius. Let me never see you in Print, though you should get the Thanks of the *Lord Mayor and Aldermen*, as well, as of the *Sheriffs and Commons*. Faith, *Jemmy*, People will swear you are Mad. You'll be avoided, and lose all your Business. Remember my Advice. Read this long Letter whenever you find any Symptoms approach again: And I think a little Blood taken from you, about the full of the Moon, would do no harm. You'll forgive me dear *Jemmy*, for you know how I regard you.

I am,

Your affectionate Cousin,

Bally-James-Deaf.

6 DE 58

Aug. 16. 1749.

Pat. Taylor.

